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*Children's
Rhymes and Verses*

*By
Retta Lawrence De Lany*



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*This little book
is affectionately dedicated to my daughters
Anna and Hortense*



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An oculist I went to see
If blind I was to be.

Go home, take heed,
Take care of your eyes, do not even read.
An education you would have a part,
But be blind, and a broken heart.

The Author

Children's Rhymes and Verses

These first few verses will tell the reader when many of them were written.

From my bed I arise
Long before the sun is in the skies.
Sleep, robin and wren,
That a few verses I may pen.

The birds awake to soar
While many sleep and snore,
And now I am up again
That something I may do with my pen.

Dear Heavenly Father, of this I never tire.
O Father, help me, if it is Thy desire,
That I may write while others sleep,
That a promise I may keep.

The Promise

As I passed from the *old* church
I saw a picture of the *new*,
With a swelling heart,
And asked what I could do —
For in its building I must have a part.

In the midst of the night
I asked God for the light
A few verses I might compose
While others' eyes in sleep do close.
For God this promise I made
With His help the new church I would aid.

The Wren's Nest

Two little wrens built their nest
In the sprinkling can, away from the rest,
Which hung on the apple-tree limb
Away where no other birdie had ever been.

How the children did beg
To see the dear little blue egg;
There were one, two, three, four
Hid away in birdie's little store.

And one other day
Mother bird flew away;
For the little birdies were in need
Of something good to feed.

The old gray cat so sly
Watched the nest so high,
And, oh my! she did sigh
For she thought, what a good pie.

The mother bird brought them food
And it tasted so good.
So the little birds used their wings
And flew away and like other birds: sings.

And now we hear their song
For it is all the day long.
I wish we could all happy be
As the dear little song birds we see.

Aunt Peggie

Dear old Aunt "Peggie" who lived out the lane,
How we loved to go there, and go there again;
She lived in the dear old log house,
Everything so peaceful and quiet as a mouse.

Her floors so clean and white as a bone,
Aunt Peggie had no child; she lived all alone
With beautiful flowers and old-fashioned hollyhock
As they grew along the garden walk.

The old orchard with peach and plum,
For we always knew we would get some.
She loved us children, and we knew it well,
Sometimes so lonely she used to tell.

From us she lived about a mile;
I remember her white cap and how she used to smile,
And the spring where the honeysuckles grew
And of the violets so blue.

The old shed and high garden paling
Along where the hop yine was trailing.
In the field the elderberry
And along the path the tall wild-cherry.

I remember the old garden gate,
There, for her we used to wait;
And how we used to beg
To the barn to go and hunt the hen's egg.

The winding stream; it seemed so new,
Along where the wild crab-apple grew,
And the old beehive,
And the dinner bell she rang at five.

The rose-bushes where we used to peek
And play hide-and-go-seek.
Aunt Peggie — who always asked Him to guide
As she read the Bible with the candle at her side.

In the fence corners where we used to walk
And gather raspberries and fill the timothy stalk;
Her faithful dog, she called Rover,
How he ran with us in the field of clover.

When we watched the swarm of the bee
As they alighted on the limb of a large tree;
The noise we made, them to confuse,
For the bees she did not wish to lose.

She rode the old white horse all alone,
And went to the church we call the Stone.
Left a widow when a bride,
Left alone in the world so wide.

In sickness or sorrow, no matter where,
Dear Aunt Peggie was always there.
How loving and tender and mild,
To cheer and comfort she always smiled!

For each one, love in her breast.
Many years she has gone to her haven of rest.
Of her life I love to tell.
Would that we could live half so well.

Father and Little Glen

In the meadow where they raked the hay,
And oh! it was such a funny way;
It went humpety, humpety bump,
And then a great big pile like a stump.

First, to sow and then to reap,
And pile it up in a great big heap,
And then it's hauled into a great mow
For winter feed for the sheep, horse and cow.

The Lawn Fete

It was held late in the afternoon
Of one sweet day in the month of June.
With Japanese lanterns in a neighboring lot,
Where gathered the aged, the youth and the tot.

Six ladies I was to take,
And those that did not bake,
For them, I was asked to call,
Some were very large and some very small.

Of my roses I gave each a bouquet,
And all the party looked happy and very gay.
We walked and talked on our way
And enjoyed the beautiful summer day.

It was called the Rambler's Brigade,
For the new Methodist church we wished to aid.
Everything was cheery, bright and clean
Where we ate strawberries, cake and ice cream.

The Attic

Many a story the attic has told,
No matter how old, how old.
With windows a foot square,
Without light and not a breath of air.

With the old wooden bed,
I wished it was iron instead;
The ceiling five feet high,
The head of the bed was very near by.

In one corner stood the old spinning-wheel,
In the other the old wooden reel,
And there were the feathers of the peacock's tail,
And the old fiddle that hung on the nail.

And the stand, eight by ten,
Large enough to hold the ink and pen;
The looking-glass hung so high,
And was large enough to see one eye.

The pictures that hung on the wall,
Some were large and some very small;
Some were landscapes with snow,
But were not the best of Michelangelo.

Of the stories the attic has told
Some are very warm and some very cold.
And now, before the daily toil is begun,
I sit, this beautiful morn, and watch the rising sun.

Many a genius has burnt the midnight oil
Over some problems, have to toil.
It matters not where we study or why,
Just so ourselves we apply.

Rhymes of the Presidents

NOTE—A newspaper clipping, excepting the last four lines.

First stands the lofty Washington,
That noble, great, immortal one.

The elder Adams next we see,
And Jefferson makes the number three.

Then Madison is fourth, you know.
The fifth on the list is Monroe.

The sixth and Adams comes again,
With Jackson seven in the train.

Van Buren eight falls into line,
And Harrison makes the number nine.

The tenth is Tyler as we turn,
And Polk eleven as we learn.

The twelfth is Taylor in rotation,
Fillmore thirteenth in succession.

Fourteenth Pierce has been selected,
Buchanan fifteenth is elected.

As sixteenth Lincoln rules the nation,
As Johnston seventeenth fills his station.

The eighteenth then is Grant, you know,
And nineteenth Hayes from Ohio.

Then comes another Buckeye son,
Garfield, the loved and martyred one.

Whose term was filled by Arthur through,
When Cleveland comes as twenty-two.

Then Harrison as twenty-third,
When Cleveland again is heard.

As twenty-fifth McKinley great,
Who, too, shared the martyr's fate.

And though the deepest grief is felt,
We hail the gallant Roosevelt.

And now without fear of graft,
Comes the honorable William H. Taft.

Snow Birds

The little snowbirds, how they sing;
They don't care if we never have spring.
They will hop to the door
And ask for a crumb or more.

The crumbs that fall on the floor,
If you will just throw out of the door,
The birds you will feed without cost,
Out in the snow and frost.

The Busy Housewife

How busy, how busy we be,
Washing, ironing and cleaning to see;
Not much time for pleasure or song,
But must think as we go along.

Monday the laundress is here;
She does so many things queer.
The grocer-man orders to take,
And the starch she will make.

Tuesday she will iron until noon.
And sometimes goes home too soon.
The door-bell will ring,
Bundles and packages they 'll bring.

Wednesday will water flowers and many a chore,
And patch the clothes that are tore;
And the stockings she will darn,
And sometimes run out of yarn.

Thursday the day she will take
Something needy to make;
When she gets ready to try on,
The day is almost gone.

Friday she will clean and dust,
For she feels that she must.
The week is now nearly gone
And the work is never done.

Saturday, pies and cakes to make,
And good home-made bread to bake.
Now her work is not all done,
Before another week has begun.

Sunday, much the best,
God gave to His children for rest.
Ask His blessings through the week,
Then let us holy the Sabbath keep.

The Sweet Pea and the Bee

The beautiful bed of sweet peas
In the warm sunny days are covered with bees;
The honey they suck and store away
In remembrance of the wintry cold day.

The bee, it has to work and save ;
It hardly seems right to make it our slave.
For in the honey so sweet
The bees and flowers we love to greet.

The beautiful sweet peas hid the old post,
The late passer-by might think it a ghost ;
But in the morn, all covered with dew,
Will give it the glorious red, white and blue.

McKinley and the Carnation

William McKinley, the noble President of our land,
For every one a word, a smile, a shake of the hand ;
By an assassin's hand he was laid low
And passed the way we must all go.

January twenty-ninth, his birthday,
Please wear the carnation, remember in this way ;
For the carnation, in life, he loved to wear.
Kindly wear the flower and show that we care.

To the youth of the land —
Reverence for the home and golden band.
A noble example he taught.
In the wars of the nation he fought.

McKinley, how he loved his home;
To his wife and nation, like him, there is none.
He has gone to his God with many scores
And his loved ones he has met on the other shores.

A Vacation

For a few days' rest I chose a farm,
Where I could be alone and listen to no yarn,
From work and worry and tribulation
With myself and nature for a few hours of meditation.

Away from the city with its noise and dust,
Among the quiet country folks whom one can trust,
From fashion and flurry where they wear their best,
Far out in the beautiful country where I can rest.

To watch the harvesters their wheat to reap,
And gaze from a distant hill over some silent grave
the willows weep,
And think of the long, long past
And know a few hours' quietness had come at last.

The green pasture fields where ewe and lamb graze,
For all the beauty may heaven have praise!
The earth, how they plow and harrow,
As I watch the making of the nest of the wild
sparrow.

And listen to the tapping of the woodpeck;
How diligently; for something to eat it does expect.
This was along the path where grew the buttercup,
And there was the wild bee its honey to sup.

Away in the woods and wheat-fields and corn,
Reminds me of the old home where I was born;
Where I can listen to the singing of the bird and
the cackle of the hen,
That a few verses I may pen.

The Wild Rose

In the fence corners of the meadow way
I gathered the wild rose one June day.

How beautiful and fair.

I wondered how alone it grew
And only by chance revealed to view.

Its delicate tint of pink,
With heart of gold,
With richest perfume sweetly unfold,
Mingled with the fragrance of the sweet clover hay,
As I gathered the wild rose that June day.

When plucked from its hiding place.

By hands so pitiless,

It sometimes dies and withers its face.
Then come sweet memories of the old home
And how in childhood we used to roam.

A Porch Party in the Country

It was a late September day, the sky deep blue,
The air warm, with all nature so beautiful and true.

To a porch party and a day in the country we went,
Everybody happy and what a glorious time we spent.

It was the farm of Mr. Hunt;
Of fruit and good things he did not stint.

Out in the orchard of apple, plum and pear,
Where we roamed here and there.

Mrs. Smith, I am sure, was quite proud,
As she happily led the merry crowd.

Next comes Mrs. McFarland;
She wore a hat which was a perfect garland.

Mrs. Gillingham, you ought her to behold;
Her arms filled with fruit all yellow as gold.

Mrs. DeLany broke a limb and hung on her arm,
Then asked Mr. Hunt if she had done any harm.

We returned to the house, it was time to serve lunch,
Where we ate the cake and drank the punch.

Mrs. Vauhey — she refused a plate;
I think because so many plums she ate.

Mrs. Higgle, who is so very small,
Passed through the crowd selling tickets for a game
of baseball.

Mrs. Mutton, who resides on Forest Hill,
With little Maybell, who never is still.

I met little Mrs. Hiatt;
I wish you knew her, she is not very quiet.

We must not miss Mrs. Vond;
They say of some people she is very fond.

Reverend Stroup was not there;
I suspect he did not have the fare.

Mrs. Adicot, in their buggy, tried to take a load,
And was caught in the middle of the road.

Coming home, Mrs. Borges walked a mile to save
a nickel,
And missed the car and was in a dreadful pickle.

With basket filled, Mrs. Carlyle
Had to stand in the car aisle.

All, with handsome Mrs. Leet,
Thanked our hostess, for it was a great treat.

The Most Beautiful Spot

I shall never forget one morning in June,
As I wandered through the woods and evergreen;
The winding brook, that clear flowing stream,
With nature's beauties and wonderful scenes.

The birds of every tune,
As they sing morning, night and noon.
The lark as it soars the cloudless sky,
And of the squirrel as it flits near by.

The little rabbit, how it will take fright,
When of you it gets a sight.
At eve, how beautiful, quiet and still,
Far away in the distant tree-top the song of the
whippoorwill.

In the dark shade, just a ray of sunlight,
I sit and listen to the ever happy bob-white,
And the rippling brook where the clear waters flow,
Where the watercress and the tiger lilies grow.

The golden wheat, and the blue grass
Along the lane, many times do I pass.
The dew drops the flowers to wet,
Oh, of this beautiful spot I shall never forget.

NOTE—Written on the Howard Harris farm, near Salem,
Columbiana County, Ohio, June 28, 1908.

Cold November Day

The cold November, so dark, so dreary ;
It snows and sleets, it never seems weary.
The vine with its leaves all dead,
Along the frosty ground will spread.

But in the old vine comes the new,
For cold November days are very few.
We must not grumble or pine,
For the clouds will pass and the sun will shine.

Christian Duty

A Christian spirit dwelleth in love,
Strong, with the lion's vigor, and pitying as a dove.
It is not enough that we, with sorrow, sigh
That they must plead before we reply,
That we in sympathy feel
Who hear a sorrow without a wish to heal.
And those who suffer with pain or woe
But that the Christian loves to go,
Will not be asked nor made to plead,
But seeks her duty, may prevent the need.
Our Christian duty at all times apply
And give relief to the poor and sick, those who die.

Pity the Poor

A poor woman came to my door, weary and worn,
Her garments all tattered and torn.
As I looked into her pale thin face
I could see once beauty and grace.

"I am selling some articles of ware."
To refuse her I could not dare.
I could see at one glance
She could help herself if I gave her a chance.

Oft a lesson we may learn,
To judge not, neither to spurn.
May we help and pity those that come to our door,
For we know not the trials of the poor.

Each one has some burden to bear,
It may be those we think have no care.
It may be in the mansion, riches untold,
They may have burdens they cannot unfold.

May we be patient our own burdens to bear,
For no matter when or where,
Burdens will come, light or small,
For they will surely come to us all.

With coffers filled with silver and gold,
Or in yonder hovel, a brother, a sister — hungry
 and cold,
Or a mother, weary of tread,
And battling to buy her children bread.

I said, "Is not your load heavy of weight?"
For she traveled with a slow gait.
She said, with a smile, "I asked the Lord to make
 it light,
For I am feeble and poor of sight."

With many it is a world of worry and toil,
While others their hands do not soil.
How hard some work and try to please,
While others have all the comforts and ease.

Rainy Christmas Eve

The Christmas presents came to the door,
While the rain it did pour;
We told them we did know
In the morning there would be snow.

Many a Christmas I have seen;
They say this will be green.
But I was right,
For in the morning it was white.

Nellie and Her Doll

Nellie's dolly with her big blue eyes,
Oh, why is it that mamma's dolly so cries;
Dollies are always good
If you don't give them too much food.

I tried to feed dolly milk, and, look here,
It ran down clear into her ear.
Then I tried to give her some bread,
And then her eyes rolled up into her head.

Now, Dolly, you sit and look out the door,
But the wind blew her down on the floor;
My, oh my, Dolly, you must not take cold,
You must keep wrapped up and do as you're told.

Now, Dolly, with your dear blue eyes,
You must look up at the cloudy skies,
But you must not go out of the door,
For it may rain and pour.

Little Dolly, you must do as you're told,
Then your little mamma will never have to scold,
But sometimes dollies don't do
What their little mammas want them to.

The dear little yellow curls
Sometimes get into snarls,
And then mamma has a great time,
And the little head is not combed until nine.

It's always best to do as mammas say,
And then we are always so happy and gay.
When eight you must go upstairs
To bed and say your prayers.

Now, little Dolly, look at the moon,
For you must go to bed very soon,
And you must not cry in the night
If your little mamma is not in sight.

For she, too, is going to sleep,
And not one word you must peep,
For mamma needs her rest,
Like all mammas, they know what is best.

Good night, with a kiss, Dolly dear,
In the morning I will be right here,
And out in the yard and warm sun,
Won't we have lots of fun?

In Memory of a Sister

She applied herself to the mightiest test,
But to give her all the honors
They did not think best.

She toiled over her pictures;
She labored by night and by day.
All blind to her talents, we had nothing to say.

She lived, loved and suffered,
She passed through the valley of grief,
And in her labor was her only relief.

Her lover, who sickened and died,
The whole world was dreary and cold,
And only in her art she applied.

Then only one short year
She toiled and tried to forget her grief.
She, too, was carried away in a bier.

But God in His wisdom knows best.
And then the gifted one
Was laid away to rest.

How to Live

Let each one so live
That an account he will not fear to give,
And show our Christian cast,
And live each day as it were the last.

Memories of Childhood

I wandered along the beautiful winding path,
It brought me back many, many years;
The fresh green fields, the wheat and corn,
And the little old house where I was born.

The cowslip and bluebell by the way,
The sweet perfume of the new-mown hay.
It was eve time when toils all cease,
And the birds' good-night song seemed to say, peace,
sweet peace.

The buttercup and wild daisies, I am fond,
As they grow around the old frog pond.
I was happy to be alone
To think of childhood and the old home.

The little old log house,
As it stood in the shadow of the wild-cherry tree,
Where were the singing of the birds
And the humming of the honey-bee.

The familiar scenes I remember so well,
And the sound of the distant cow-bell.
The woodland with its evergreen,
And the dear old place I remember I had seen.

The old orchard of apple-trees,
Where suck the honey-bees;
With nature all crowned with beauty and bloom,
All happiness without shadow or gloom.

The beautiful setting sun
Had cast its rays on the western horizon.
The sweet solitude without one sound,
Surely heaven's sweetest blessing I had found.

How blessed sometimes to be alone
With Jesus, our friend, hope of heaven, our home.
Heaven in its beauties and joy if nothing more
Than sweet childhood o'er and o'er.

Little Ruth Kohler

Little Ruth, who lives next door,
Runs and plays, yet her dress she never tore;
She is so dainty and sweet,
Her father, brothers and sisters she always runs
to meet.

How she will play and swing,
And is just as busy with everything.
Of the flowers she is so fond;
She is just like a fresh lily in the pond.

Her little pink dress so quaint,
Always so clean, without one taint.
The flowers she will pluck with care;
She is so happy when out in the air.

She is the baby of them all,
Although six years, not very tall;
And how we all love little Ruth,
For, that she is sweet, we all know is the truth.

Sleep

Sleep, sleep, sweet sleep,
As we humbly bow and ask our every care to keep,
Through the calm quiet night,
Though our spirit might take its flight.

Sleep, sleep, sweet sleep,
As we lay our tired bodies to rest,
And say our good-night prayers
With folded arms on our breast.

Prayer for a Christian Worker

May God bless, and him to us spare,
To save sinners everywhere,
And pray with an earnest heart
That with God's people he will never part.

And may God grant him many years
To comfort many in their bitter tears.
How happy is the day
When we have found Jesus on the way.

The blessed Savior whose message he has given
To comfort the weary on their way to heaven;
May each and every heart
Heed his message before we part.

As he labors from place to place,
Dear Father give him grace;
And if burdens he has to bear,
While I breathe a silent prayer.

As he tells his story o'er and o'er,
May it bound from shore to shore.
In his message blessings I have found;
In glory, may he, with many stars be crowned.

Catching a Train

To the depot in the rain we went,
In the street car so much time we spent;
Alighting, we walked, for it was nine,
And we found we were short of time.

Elva, for the train did not wait,
But her auntie she kissed at the gate;
Her baggage they stopped to weigh,
And the forty cents they compelled her to pay.

While on her journey she bore,
It stormed and the rain it did pour,
Until at the end of her journey she told
Her experience, so funny, to her fold.

A Merry Christmas to Jack

To Jack a merry, merry Christmas day,
And hope pleasures will always by you stay;
And when you get to your home above,
There will be nothing there but perfect love.

To Jack a merry, merry Christmas week;
Of you we so kindly speak.
We love to listen to you play,
Whom God has gifted in that way.

To Jack a happy, happy New Year;
It is a pleasure to have you here.
We want to keep you as a friend,
That always some sweet message we can send.

To the Memory of Mrs. McKinley

As she lay on her death-bed,
And listened to Tosti's "Good-bye, good-bye,"
All hope from her friends had fled —
"Let me go to my precious," she said,
Who was numbered with the dead.
Falling leaves and fading tree,
Lines of white and sullen sea,
Oh, listen, oh, listen to me,
And take me away to live with thee.
The shadows are darkening o'er me now,
As my friends o'er me bow;
Swallows are making ready to fly,
Wheeling out o'er the sundry sky,
Good-bye, sweet summer, good-bye.

Hush, a voice from far away,
Listen and learn, it seems to say,
I will be with you always to stay,
All the to-morrows will be as today.
The cord is frayed and the cruse is dry,
The link must break and the lamp must die,
Good-bye, with hope, good-bye.

Oh, why are we waiting? Oh, my heart,
Kiss me on my brow, friends, and we part.
We must not wait, you and I.
A pleading look, a stifled cry,
Good-bye forever, good-bye forever, good-bye.
She passed away —
To Him who gave, with Him to stay.

Melba, you sang her to sleep.
May this in your memory keep.
You sang her to sleep, to sleep o'er the mystic deep.
You sang her to sleep, you sang her to sleep.

NOTE—Tosti's *Forever Good-bye*, sung by Melba through a phonograph as Mrs. McKinley was passing away, and described by one who was present.

Andrew Carnegie

Andrew Carnegie, the Pittsburg financier,
Everybody happy when he is here ;
Good-hearted and jovial, a Christian at heart,
But in no one church does he take a part.

Libraries he has given : such a great deed,
Gives the poor the opportunity to read.
There are scores and scores that could not go
To their home library, as you know.

Andrew Carnegie, of Scotch descent,
Came to America without a cent ;
He found work and went about it with a will,
For Andrew Carnegie could never be still.

His last birthday he was sixty-eight,
Where in New York so many ate.
We hope many years he will live and enjoy ;
We think it a pity he never had a boy.

The Campaign

It may be William Bryan some want to elect,
But to have our pockets full of money we cannot
expect ;
He is a great orator, they say,
But the Democrats are just that way.

Some want to elect William H. Taft;
We will have an administration without graft.
Then we will have our pockets full of chink,
And that is the way the Republicans think.

Roosevelt, Roosevelt, after the trust,
A clean administration, or bust.
Roosevelt, Roosevelt, won't you run again?
For your administration was without stain.

The Stray Cat

The old stray cat;
Feed it, you can do that;
It was given for some use,
Then why abuse.

The old cat, how it did howl;
The dog, how he did growl,
And ran the cat in the house
And frightened away a poor little mouse

Vice-President Fairbanks

Vice-President Fairbanks
Belongs in the Republican ranks,
And if he gets there,
It will be on the square.

The Republicans can hardly dare
To elect another man out there.
Another man they may hail
On account of that cocktail.

He hails from Indiana
And never slipped on a banana,
But he had better have stepped on a rusty nail
Than to have served that cocktail.

Frost on the Windows

The beautiful window of frost,
No chiseling or carving at any man's cost.
The beautiful shades of silver, purple and red
I behold as I lay gazing from my bed.

The beautiful frost on the window,
With the sun's light; what a lovely glow!
I think I see trees, water and lands
That were not made by human hands.

As I looked on the frost and morning glitter,
I heard the little snowbirds' twitter.
Now the shade I will draw,
Then the frost on the window may thaw.

Morning-glory

The beautiful morning-glory,
It has grown almost to the second story.
With the shades, red, white and blue,
All the colors to please you.

The beautiful morning-glory vine,
Up the cord it does twine.
For the window it makes a sweet shade,
But of the sun it seems to be afraid.

The beautiful morning-glory twined
Up above the window blind,
And of the hot sun it got a peep
And it closed its eyes and went to sleep.

A Rose

The beautiful red rose,
How naturally it goes to my nose.
The color, the most beautiful I ever have seen.
I will go to sleep, of the rose I will dream.

The beautiful rose of red,
How sweet it looks from my bed.
The beautiful rose in my room,
I hope it will help make me well soon.

Everybody, you know,
Loves blossoms of beautiful glow.
The sweet perfume I smell,
I think will soon make me well.

I Remember

I remember, I remember,
The little old house where I was born;
The twelve-paned window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.
It never came to me too soon,
Nor brought a day too long to play,
And oft wished the night
Was turned into day.

I remember, I remember,
The rose by the garden wall,
And oft I would climb and fall,
And oft I would wish
I could climb the lilac bush;
And the old-fashioned hollyhock,
And the places we used to laugh and talk.

I remember, I remember,
The old porch and hop vine,
Where oft we used to dine,
And the pound sweet-apple tree,
As it stood near the hive of the bee,
And in front of the kitchen door
Where they came bouncing on the floor.

I remember, I remember,
The beautiful rippling brook;
About it the many pleasures we took,
And oft we stood on the old stone bridge
And looked o'er the beautiful green ridge,

And the butternut tree
Which brother and I planted
Thirty-eight years or more, you see.

I remember, I remember,
The old grape vine,
And the cherries of every kind,
And the garden walks
And old-fashioned flower
Where we played by the hour,
The elder bloom and wild cucumber tree,
And the strange red pod I oft did see.

I remember, I remember,
The great red barn,
And my dear, white-capped
Grandmother, as she spun the yarn;
Of the spring-house I love to think,
And of the spring's pure water I used to drink;
The watering trough under the hill,
Everything so peaceful, quiet and still.

I remember, I remember,
The proud peacock with its tail spread,
And the barnyard where the turkey gobbler tread,
And the spotted horses: we had a team,
How gay! a perfect dream.
The apple and plum so sweet,
And of them I used to eat.

I remember, I remember,
The winding path in the wood, so long,
Where many birds sang their sweet song,
And the chestnuts large and brown
That we gathered on the ground;
The beautiful Allegheny hills,
And the river with its rowboats and its mills.
Were it not in vain,
I would wish to be a child there again.

Family Verses

NOTE—These verses were written on Christmas cards to each member of a family, December 25, 1907.

Elizabeth Priscilla, dear,
This is all I have for you this year.
I hope you will accept this little token,
That our sisterly love will never be broken.

Dear brother, our drives o'er the lofty hills,
Along the highway and beautiful rills;
On the way the nuts we gather,
In the beautiful autumn scenes and pleasant weather.

Walter, who wants to roam,
And see something more than his home.
Away he will go, to the far west,
Where he will do his level best.

Paul, berries to pick, he did go;
Did he like it? Oh no, oh no;
But to his book he will take,
When he comes home he will eat the cake.

To the little girl whose name I have forgotten,
You must not forget to hang up your stocking;
Big and long, so it will be full
Of nuts, candy and taffy you need n't pull.

Samuel, who is six years old,
Like Samuel in the Bible, came into the fold.
In the night hear God's voice,
All along life's pathway in Him rejoice.

Robert, you little dear,
How I would love to have you here;
But with your mamma you must stay,
For that is the natural way.

For the little boy that could not walk,
But I suppose he now can talk.
He is never ready for bed,
But wants a ride on his sled.

To the Author

That you were a poet,
We did not comprehend,
Until we read your verses
Through, from end to end.
When we had read them over
We were merry and full of glee,
For we saw what a great poet
You had gotten to be.

NOTE—Written by Paul Woodcock, New Lexington,
Ohio, January 2 1908.

Holiday Shopping

After the holidays we went down town,
And in the rain we walked around.
Our friends we would hail,
All bent on watching the sale.
Then from store to store,
Looking for something more.
It was hard our money to keep,
When everything went so cheap.

Don

Don, we sent you a lilac white ;
We hope it will give you delight.
Give it water to drink,
And of your friends may you think.

We hope you will soon be well,
How sorry we are we cannot tell.
We gave to you flowers, Don, dear,
Just to brighten and you cheer.

Your friends on Brightwood
Hope it will do you good;
And if there is anything we can do,
Please let us know, won't you?

The City of the Dead

Walking through the city of the dead,
At each grave I ponder in deep thought, but not
of dread.

Not a sound to disturb their quiet sleep
But the rustling of a leaf and the chirping of a bird,
the solemnity deep.

Here, a verse to some departed one,
With hand pointing to heaven, they have gone.
Here is one bowing in silent prayer,
It may be she wishes she were there.

Some with grand monuments high,
Many without, very close by,
And some, not even a flower, nor care,
When others have so many to spare.

Of the many that we have laid to rest,
We hope they have lived their best.
Let us each lay a flower on the grave
Of those we have helped or tried to save.

Jack Will Sing

In New York in "The Merry Widow" Jack will
sing:

We hope for Jack it is just the thing.

We know his talent he will show,

Yet we are sorry to see Jack go.

In the "Merry Widow" in New York,

May his troubles be as light as a cork.

We hope everything will go his way,

And that he with the "Merry Widow" will stay.

We hope that he will make him a name

In the world of fame.

We will be lonely without Jack,

But we trust he will often come back.

Roses in the Garden

Rose bushes, six in all,

They grow so very tall;

The colors are red and white and pink,

The most beautiful you could ever think.

They grow and bloom with little care,

Yet they are so very rare;

We pluck them for some friend,

And to some sick one sometimes we send.

They make a beautiful show,
Just as good as Gasser can grow.
What a lovely, bright bouquet,
How I wish they would always stay.

Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining

Back of every dark cloud
There is sure to be a silver lining.
Oft our eyes are wet with tears,
If we ask in faith God will calm our fears.

May each victory make us strong,
To battle with the world and its wrong;
For each one has work to do;
May God's love and grace renew.

Sometimes clouds of darkest hue
Change to skies of clearest blue.
May we think of others who have more to endure,
Who have not found the love of yore.

May we others help and cheer
Who have not found God's promise here.
Oft the darkest hour is just before day.
Let us in righteousness walk in His way.

The Back Yard

Out in the back yard,
Showing Elva the velvet I had,
With knife in my hand
To pare the potatoes in the pan.

Who was there but Jack,
With his old kodak,
And before we knew
He had a picture of us two.

It was in the morn,
And my dress was all torn,
But Jack, he did not care,
For he was having fun out there.

But what need Jack care,
How looked our dresses or hair?
I knew the velvet was clean,
For I had washed it in gasoline.

Autumn

We'll gather the apples red,
The corn shock its ear will shed,
The squirrel gather its store of nuts in the tree,
This same lesson we learn from the bee.

And there's the yellow pumpkin on the vine,
In the winter on its good pies we'll dine.
In the early spring we turned the sod,
And now the peas we'll pick from the pod.

Our cellars we'll pack,
The stock we'll feed from the hay stack.
When the clover seed is in our barns
Perhaps we'll have time to listen to some yarns.

The buckwheat we'll thresh with a flail;
Our coats we'll hang on some nail.
Our bins we'll make a little wider,
And into barrels we'll put our apple cider.

The forests laden with crimson and gold,
Autumn's richest colors to unfold.
The sunset mellow, with its blue and gray,
And many autumn scenes we wish would stay.

My Baby

God has plucked my floweret gay;
He has gathered many on the way.
The dear blue eyes always smiled;
He was my baby, yes, my child.

God has plucked my choicest flower,
And many others, by the hour.
Then, when with the angels he smiled,
He was my baby, yes, my child.

With tears, I, his mother,
In a distant home without friend or brother,
But now, thank God, I have smiled,
Because he was my baby, yes, my child.

Lambs of the Fold

Sitting in the shade of the old apple-tree,
In the old rocking-chair,
Gazing o'er the beautiful country
And drinking its sweet balmy air.

The flock of sheep grazed away,
Just beside the field of new-mown hay;
The mother sheep would seem to say:
My dear little lambs, away you must not stray.

For fear of some enemy, a wolf at your heel,
Make you think he's a friend; to him appeal.
Like Satan, he will follow by the hour,
That you, at last, he may devour.

Little children, like lambs of the fold,
To your parents listen, and do as you are told,
For you may fall into some sin or snare;
Let little children listen, and beware.

A Daily Prayer

Without a shadow of a doubt each day,
Oh God, teach me how to pray,
And may our asking be of such
That Thou wilt bless us, bless us much

If our stay be long or short,
May we for a moment doubt Thee not,
And our love to Thee we give,
At last, take us with Thee to live.

When our work is here all o'er,
Take us to our friends on the other shore.
May God help us to live our best
That our lives may be a test.

May we our crosses bear with grace,
Everywhere and in every place.
And Thy presence in us abide
That from others we cannot hide.

A Nutting Party

A nutting party with Jim and Grace,
The team was gay and traveled at a good pace;
We wished to get home while it was light,
For our pastor was to be installed that night.

In our party there were thirteen,
We counted the children in-between.
Mr. Woodcock climbed the trees,
And the rest of us were busy as bees.

Sister and I did not cross the fence,
For fear some farmer we might run against.
The chestnuts were not very plenty,
And our baskets were almost empty.

The nuts we did not steal,
But brought them home to peal.
Our lunch we did take,
Of good home-made bread, pies and cake.

A fire we built under a tree so lofty,
Where we boiled and drank our coffee.
From a farmer's wife we bought our cream,
Near the place we hitched our team.

The table-cloth we spread
Over the leaves that were dead.
Elizabeth the meat cut up,
While Lulu scraped the butter from the cup.

Around the spread we sat,
Some on the ground, quite flat;
Florence sat on my poor legs,
And in our hurry we forgot our eggs.

We had lots of little cucumbers pickled,
Over them the little folks were so tickled.
And who was with us there but Aunt Rene!
We all love her; she could n't be mean.

Little Lida ate apples until she was full to the chin,
And drank out of her bright new tin.
Samuel sat on the front seat,
And was anxious to know when the horses would eat.

Little Robert lost his cap
Just before he took his nap.
And Edwin slept on his mother's knee
And was just as good as he could be.

Walter hitched the gray and the brown,
For he was in a hurry to get to town.
Then we were ready to return;
We tramped out our fire, fearing the forest might
burn.

We spent a pleasant, enjoyable day,
And came home by another way.
We made a good calculation,
And were back in time for the installation.

The Beautiful Allegheny

Standing on the beautiful Allegheny hills,
Watching the glorious sunset and the old mills.
How silently and calmly the river's flow,
And its hills, bright with the autumn glow.



And I listen to the distant bell,
Calling people to church, of the Master to tell.
I watch the river's gentle tide,
And think how on its bosom I used to ride.

And when in its violent rage
Would rival the lion in its cage;
When its banks would overflow,
O'er its swift currents we could not row.

Glen and I

Glen wished me to go
With him to see the pasture field, you know,
Out along the lane between the wheat field and the
corn,
And by the old house where his grandma was born.

It has changed since that day;
In it now are kept the reaper and implements to
make hay.
When we returned we fed the chicks and hen,
So the evening we spent, I and Glen.

Grumbling Husband

Grumbling Bill, when he does arise,
The sun is far up in the skies.
"Is the morning paper at the door?"
We ask; is there anything more?

How he will growl
If he finds a wrinkle in the towel.
His breakfast is coffee, toast and egg;
Is there anything more, we beg?

In the street car he will get a seat,
Unfold his paper, stick out his feet;
Over them someone will stumble and fall;
He is the kind of a man that takes seat and all.

The Merry Widow Hat

The woman with a merry widow hat,
Oh, what do you think of that!
And with a poodle and chain,
Will women ever have sense again?

To have such headgear,
For many to laugh at and jeer;
And to have the little dog at her heel.
Of her, ashamed I really feel.

Cottage Prayer-meeting

It will give us good cheer
To have the prayer-meeting here.
It will help us to look aright,
As time takes its flight.



The prayer-meeting Christmas week
May help us how to others speak.
We liken it to a journey of love
To our heavenly home above.

May the first prayer-meeting of the new year
Be the best we ever had here.
It will help us day by day
On our journey so far away.

The Board Fence

The old board fence
We'll change when we get a chance.
The first warm day in spring
The whitewash brush someone will swing.

The old fence, we think, is just the thing,
But some of our neighbors their ax would swing.
We can go out and dry our hair,
And no one can see us back there.

The old board fence is five feet high,
The boys and girls can play and say I, I.
When we plant the peach and the grape,
We'll have a screen and no one can gape.

The Welcome Rain

The welcome rain-drops on the roof
Deaden the sound of the horse's hoof,
And how sweetly and calmly we sleep,
If we trust God, His promises to keep.

The beautiful warm rain,
As it silently falls on the window-pane.
The air is so balmy and sweet,
How happily the rain we greet!

To the budding trees it is giving drink;
It makes the grasses green and the blossoms pink.
The vine at the window makes a sweet shade,
And keeps out the sun, of which some are afraid.

It makes the wild flower in the meadow grow,
And of their beauties few ever know.
The wild flowers are spread with a bountiful hand
For all to enjoy in this beautiful land.

Friends to the Bermudas

To Bermuda my friends did go,
To stay six months or so.
When they came back they said:
"We would come home and ride in a sled."

To Bermuda they went to stay
Six months or until the first of May,
And when they get home they say:
“ We would rather come home and ride in a sleigh.”

From Bermuda, by way of New York,
The steamer's life-boats were made of cork.
To Florida they went to spend
The last three months, or to the end.

Christmas Presents

“ Billy ” sent me a pocket-book,
And how pretty it does look ;
It is of English make,
That is the kind I love to take.

His love is better than silver and gold,
His letters pages of love unfold,
But more than this she will not say ;
Elva knows Billy is just that way.

The Chafing Dish

Hortense will want to dine
With the chafing dish Jack gave her so fine ;
Oh, the girls will laugh and roar
Over the tea they will pour.

Of the fun they 'll have no one could tell,
And they 'll talk of Jack, they like so well;
Of the candy he helped to make,
And of the Christmas interest he did take.

Apple-tree

The apples were not ripe on the tree on the lawn.
What a time! to have the children leave it alone.
They are very good and sweet,
And when golden yellow are good to eat.

Walter will gather them by the peck,
And all his friends will fill to the neck.
We will store some away,
Where they will ripen each day.

The Dream

The dream of my life, the dream of my life
Was to have just a little while
Without sorrow or strife.
Oh! it may seem cruel to say,
But it has been dark most of the way.

The dream of years, the dream of years
Was to have just a little while
Without sorrow and fears.
It may seem sad to say,
But many and bitter have been the tears.

The dream of the morrow, the dream of the morrow
Was to have a little while
Without tears or sorrow.
The dark cloud has passed out of my life,
In blessedness I'm living without strife.

God help me to always live as I do,
Not one day, dear Father, without you.
And if by chance
This you may read,
May you enjoy blessings as I am indeed.

Girls and Boys

To the girls and boys —
There is a time for work and a time for toys.
Have a purpose in view,
It matters not how old or how new;
And with all your power
Work and not worry every day and hour.
Never a battle was won in sleep.
Earnestly every promise keep,
And if God's help you ask
You can master the hardest task,
And say at last, like McKinley, our martyred one,
Thy will, not mine, be done.





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